THE

Merry Haymakers.

IN the merry month of June,
In the prime time of the year,
Down in yonder meadow
There runs a rivulet clear.
Where many a little fiſh
Doth in that river play,
And many a lad and many a laſs
Go abroad a making of hay.

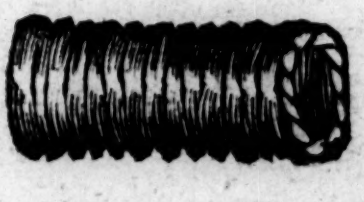
-n come the ſcytheman,
To mow the meadow down,
With budget and with bottle,
Of ale that was ſo brown.
All labouring men of courage bold,
Come here their ſtrength to try,
They ſweat and blow, and wet the mow,
For the graſs cuts very dry.

Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
With pitchfork and with rake,
Here's Molly, Bet, and Suſan,
Come here the hay to make.
Sweet jug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet,
The nightingale doth ſing,
From morning unto evening,
As they are a hay-making.

And when that bright Phebus,
The ſun was going down,
A merry diſpoſed piper,
Approached from the town;
He pulled out his pipe and tabor,
Propoſing for to play,
Which made them all lay down thir rakes
And to leave off making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
They jig'd it o'er the green,
Tho' tir'd with their labour,
No one leſs was ſeen.
But ſporting like to fairies,
Their dance they did purſue,
And leading up and caſting off,
'Till morning was in view.

But when as bright Phebus
The morning being come,
They lay down in the hay-cocks,
'Till the riſing of the ſun.
And ſporting all the time,
While the charming birds do ſing,
Each lad did rife and take his laſs,
And away to hay-making.



+PEB77.P4128C. no.171

m
4